

will ask the military academy and which they have all been bred up since they quit the military schools. Their dissent may have been expressed to each other, and if so, the strong feeling always manifest in France, that the Army should act as a body, may have produced some understanding. This understanding need not, however, be formidable for the present. The general, it is certain, have no candidate when they are about; they have no immediate and probable grievances, and they are not likely to attack the Republic openly and as such. They are not agreed enough for that; they desire exceedingly that the Minister of War should be with them in whatever they do, which at present would not be the case, and they are by no means quite certain of the disposition of the troops. A majority, perhaps, especially of the Bretons, would obey any order, but a minority, including an unusual proportion of the non-commissioned officers, would not, and it is a first object to prevent any contest whatever among the waters of the Republic. The history of the Spanish Army is much better known to the higher French officers than to Englishmen in general, and that example is greatly dreaded. It is most unlikely, therefore, that the discontent should become active, unless it also seizes the people, and it is on their emotion that everything must in the last resort turn. The necessary "fence" the Republic fails the Army will act, and the only question is whether this is probable. On the surface it is not so, but we confess we think the Republic has some ground for their uneasiness. The French as a people have always shown an excessive devotion to material interests, and are apt to think that any failure in their projects indicates a feeble or an ill-managing Government. They have not been placed in this position of late. Profits have not been large in any department of work, while in the wine-growing districts the losses have been severe. The financial panic caused by the crash of the Union Générale, and of a whole system of speculation, greatly affected the sentiments and the saving townspeople, who, moreover, have been greatly annoyed by the project of conversion, which they look upon as repudiation of a debt, contracted when France was in difficulties. They hold this debt, and the fact that France may save by the operation a million and a half's worth of money, and no compensation for their own diminution of income, which, again, occurs just when they are least able to bear it. They are, too, beginning to be alarmed by what they about finance in general, a fact shown by the discrimination to absorb the last issue of Rente, and by the increasing pressure of taxation. France's expenditure, which all taxes are thrown together, thirty per cent, more than England, and although France is a rich country, still the taxation presses upon people at once poor and miserly, and is misad in addition to the heavy personal tax involved in the conscription, which now falls upon everybody. Under these circumstances, any new tax would evoke bitter resentments; a new and heavy loan, which many consider indispensable, and which would send down Rente, would be felt as a blow; and a short harvest would produce a dangerous amount of distress, and of regret for the more prosperous classes. The Emperor does not insist upon economy, but, on the contrary, asks the country to undertake new and considerable responsibilities under the pretext of housing the artisans of Paris. The Chamber is not awake to the situation, but persists in voting fresh credits for unnecessary improvements, such as larger school houses, while the people, though anxious for economy in the Empire, constantly press new demands upon their Members, all of which mean expense. Searching retrenchment is held to be out of the question; new taxation will not be tried; and the great resource of conversion, in which reliance was placed, is mismanaged, partly through popular resistance, and partly through the mismanagement of the market. He has forgotten that no conversion reassures fundholders, unless they are satisfied it is final, and that 44 per cent. is visibly only a temporary arrangement. The resources of the French Treasury are so great, and it has so many privileges to sell, especially in the railways, that the evil day may be postponed for a time; but the reckoning must come at last, and may produce a panic deep enough to be of political importance. Should it arrive, the peasantry will for a time be both discontented and disinclined, will accuse their rulers of imbecility, and will submit to almost any change which does not mean a return to the old "régime."

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Rain is falling almost incessantly since the month of April last, but in consequence of no heavy cold being experienced, nobody has sustained losses, and stock are in prime condition. Apologizing for taking up so much space in your valuable paper, I beg to remain, Yours very truly, A. K.

why also quits her bed, at the bottom of the sea, without notice, and to the loss of the fisherman and the vexation of the gourmet. In the year 1860, one million oysters were taken off the British coast, and the catch went on increasing from the minimum number stated, though not with a regular upward tendency—for the scale of the fisherman's gains went up and down like the mercury in a barometer—until the highest figure was reached with seventy-five millions, since which the number has been down again to the point of departure. Who or what is to blame for this variability? Must we condemn the feebleness of the mollusc or the folly of Parliament? Some say that over-dredging is the source of the scarcity; others that it arises from lack of an enforced close time; and others again suggest a reason in the artificiality of the oyster itself, which professes the useless obscurity of the ocean depths to a brief but admired appearance in a public, flanked by slices of lemon, and in immediate contiguity with cognac. Professor Huxley does not deny the evils of over-dredging, although he will not attribute the more than occasional scarcity entirely to that cause—but he laughs at the idea of a close time with the right of unlimited fishing at other periods of the year. To him it appears ridiculous to protect the oyster fisheries during May, June, July, and August, and allow the fishermen to exhaust the supply for the remaining eight months of the year—those months whose names contain the letter "r," which used to mark the old oyster season. At the same time he proves to demonstration, by citing what has taken place on the French coast, where the fisheries are almost veritably protected by the State, that on the oyster, and on the oyster alone, rests the chief responsibility of blame. The gourmet is debarred from indulging in his Dand-like appetite, because it is the habit of the oyster to be "here to-day and gone to-morrow."

In common justice it should be recognized that the oyster cannot stand extremes of weather, and perishes by millions when it is too hot and when it is too cold. The sea must be of the required degree of salinity, or the bivalve cannot exist. Moreover, the oyster has family troubles. Of its two million young ones scarcely more than a couple survive of maturity to lay another generation of discretion. The prevalent notion that the best of oysters enjoy the enviable home comforts of the lout-at-eat appears to be an error. With an organization as complicated as that of the finest repeater watch, and with an appetite that would do credit to a stove, it is forced to depend on chance for the habitual eating of oysters, but the habitual eating of oysters by all save the very rich would even now—superstition apart—lead their devours in the direction of the workhouse.—*Daily Telegraph*.

It was said in London that Lord Derby has refused to sanction the annexation of New Guinea, but will allow British stations on the adjacent islands. Three Chinese ironclads are all but finished in Kiel, and will shortly sail. Rumours are still current that Russia has immediate designs on Armenia, to counteract the British occupation of Egypt. The ceremony at the Czar's coronation exceeded in gorgeous splendour everything seen or heard of before. At the theatre, the pit was filled with Foreign Ministers and Princes. The Emperor and Empress were cheered in the most enthusiastic manner. The Czar was in the next box, his Imperial parents, with the Duke of Edinburgh dressed as a Russian Admiral. The Queen of Greece, the Archduke Vladimir and Constantine, the Duke of Austria and the Emperor's brother, wore the Imperial box. The Emperor wore the uniform of the Generalissimo, and the diamonds of the Empress dazzled the house. The hall given to the Czar by the nobility was full on a par with all the other splendid fets. The Emperor opened the hall with the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Austria. The stupendous wealth of diamonds on the Princesses and other ladies baffled description.

Mr. Buge's project, if carried out, will change this altogether, and a slight sprinkling of the limy waters from the River Plate will be a good substitute for "the gentle rain from Heaven" in its vivifying and fortifying powers. The hard silicious water from the "pozo" eventually exhausts the soil of the fertility, and a few more live feet plants alive during a dry season, without giving them that vigorous so eloquent to the eye. But Mr. Buge's aspirations extend much further than the beautifying of our suburban residences, and the making of life endurable during the hot and dry summer. He wishes what the effects of irrigation would be on the borders of the *deserto*, and he might have gone much further in showing how production would be increased by a proper system of irrigation. Egypt at one time was considered the granary of the world, and its products still surpass those of many countries much larger and more progressive, and yet the productive part of Egypt does not much exceed in extent the small principality of Wales. This production is not owing to any excellence in the system of cultivation employed, but to the beneficent overflow of that grand river whose encroachments on the banks have left them those fertile lands that fertilize the world. And yet we have a river flowing past our own doors, whose waters are as fertilizing, and whose banks are as productive as those through which flows old Nile. When we come to utilize a portion of this surplus water that wastes itself in the ocean, we will then know that this country is capable of producing more than it is now producing.

Governor Rivet will deserve our gratitude if he persevere in the track that has been marked out for him. It will do more to beautify and enrich the Province of Buenos Aires than anything yet attempted. And Don Emilio Bunge will deserve our gratitude in a double degree for having shown the necessity of an enterprise, the success of which we begin to doubt of.

In diplomatic circles it is believed that Bismarck is secretly pushing France on in her intervention in Tonkin, to embroil her in a war with China, and, possibly, with England also. A similar sensation has been created in the Vienna *Zeitung* article in the Vienna *Zeitung* that 50,000 French troops are sufficient to conquer Annam, and support the latter Power. It is probable that the discontent of the generals is real, and possible that they have some half-expressed opinion among themselves. The pacific tendency of the Republic does not please them; they are hurt by the unfolding of France, and they do not like to see civil government completely in the ascendant. They are not attacked, they are conscious that they are objects of suspicion and dis-

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Our infallible barometer was right. The "pioggia" has ceased at last. Yesterday was a glorious day, and that well-known firm of River Plate scavengers, Messrs. Sun, Wind and Co. began the work of drying up. The fun of the thing was that, while we had such a fine day in town, it rained heavily in the morning as near as San Vicente, and at other places in the camp. Our barometer and our rheumatic subscribers agree in saying that more rain is not far off. Thence from Europe by the Poiton, to 3rd inst., smells of a villainous saltpetre. All this talk about alliances and new maps for Europe, and compensations, etc., etc., is an exact repetition of what occurred on the day of all recent great wars in Europe, and Italy's order to a French factory for 150,000 rifles, to be used against her blood relations, France herself, is thoroughly characteristic of this ultra commercial age. The St. Bismarck factory would not be enough to refuse the order. The Czar's marked attention to the wife of the French Ambassador at the coronation fete is put down by our French friends as a certain sign of an alliance, and the Italian papers affirm that it is already "un hecho." It ought to be, for the half production of hell. Rome, otherwise the Trepanites may "pish them off" in detail, although the job will be a difficult one with Holy Russia. Bullrich's auction of Mr. George Mackenzie's splendid consignment of books from London to-day will attract a crowd. The collection is a choice and valuable one, and book-hunting is a most agreeable way of passing a holiday for any man who has come to the use of reason. Some never do reach that state of life, no matter how long they may live.

The Southern Railway men recovered their spirits yesterday in view of probable fine weather for their sports to-day. We thank them for sending us programmes, and hope they will have lots of fun. They may expect thousands of spectators. The fortune left by the late Don Carlos Casares is estimated at fifteen millions of paper dollars, in land and blood stock, on which the claims amount to 7½ millions. No man in the country has done more to improve the breeds of sheep, swine, and horses in this country than the deceased gentleman. Mr. Peter Puchi has taken out a patent for a new way to take the wool off old rams (dead) and he says it will enable the wool to be sold at the square price as old wool. The wife of a school-master in Calle Corrientes took herself into an "alcite" yesterday morning, but was rescued before life was extinct. The papers say that family jars were the cause of the rash act. Governor Jaramillo of Rioja was sworn in on Wednesday. Long may he reign. Our witty evening colleague *El Diario* makes pitiless fun of the political method at the Teatro Nacional on Wednesday evening. We refer to the event in our leading columns. The immense preponderance of ladies present was the subject of general remark.

The latest advices from Guanini report that plans to be going ahead as fast as the fastest express-trains—say the Wild Irishman, or the Flying Scotchman when they are half an hour behind time. Nothing could be faster short of electricity. A new theatrical paper to be called *From Paris*, is announced. It will be printed in Spanish, English, Italian and French. What about High Dutch and Russian. There are lots of Hollanders and Slavs in Buenos Aires. The programme of the Concert to be given by that highly philanthropic club the Germania, to-morrow night, is really most attractive, and suitable for all tastes. The proceeds will go to the starving people in Rioja and Catamarca, so a changed audience is certain to assemble. After the concert the "light fantastic toe" will be at work to-morrow light doth appear on Sunday morning. We have to thank our kind correspondent at San Pedro, A. K., for his interesting letter in another column, about land and live-stock in that quarter, which seems to be flourishing greatly, season a regular and plentiful catch cannot be depended on. From some apparently unaccountable cause, spots which one year, or even throughout a decade, swarm with fish, are presently bare, or it may be that their places are taken by countless cockles. The increased and over-increasing means of carriage from one part of the kingdom to another, and from this country abroad, has caused the demand to be far in excess of the supply of lake oysters, and while the scarcity continues and price rules the market, oysters will remain an expensive luxury. It may be that there is a good time in store for the Dandos of the future, and that the plumpest Whitehall natives may yet gratify the palates of our children and our children's children, as of old, at sixpence a dozen. If so, we unhesitatingly congratulate posterity on that account. "It is," says Hone, in his "Year Book," a vulgar superstition that whoever eats oysters on St. James's Day will never want money. The indifference to industry which such notions engender in many minds can be testified by some of themselves who falsify the frivolous legend by their present abodes in workhouses. Times have in many respects changed since the year 1826, when Mr. Hone published his valuable observations; but the habitual eating of oysters by all save the very rich would even now—superstition apart—lead their devours in the direction of the workhouse.—*Daily Telegraph*.

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We received yesterday a full programme of the new French dramatic company, containing the names of the artists, the performances to take place, prices, etc. Some of the pieces contemplated are of the most attractive description bidding fair to elicit Mr. Taubert in the much prized *Variedades* theatre. *Le Truc d'Arthur* already represented there is on the list. The Opera House will be the seat of war and first performance takes place on Sunday July 1st. Alexander F. Villers, who died last week, left this odd will, which the *Philadelphia Times* was drawn up last July. I leave my body to the University of Pennsylvania for dissecting purposes, and wish to be cremated at the same institution. In case I should happen to have any money or property at the time of my death, I leave the whole to the disinterested man. I am I am cremated, I wish my ashes to be thrown away and not given to be viewed by anybody that had been acquainted with me. The Provincial Bank will issue new notes of 1, 4, and 5 patucos on Monday next. The wet weather has made most tremendously scarce and dear in the city markets, but a few days' fine weather will set everything to rights, as the province is teeming with fat sheep and novillas. The Southern Railway branch from the port to the town of Bahia Blanca is all but completed. The *Peruvia* of that place wants a law passed by which hotel-keepers can be made to keep a watch on their guests and give their names to the police! Oh! colleague! We are not in Russia for France. There were more marriages in Victoria, Australia, in 1882 than in any previous year, viz., 5,899. Women have ceased to be scarce in the colony and now outnumber the men 108 to 100. The world-renowned biscuit makers Bagley & Co. sent round beautifully illuminated cards yesterday reminding the world of their famed "Lolas." No, the least anxiety, gentlemen. Even the very children now will eat no other biscuits, and every grocer in town sells ten times more of them than of any other biscuit. The Villarrino will sail for the South on Sunday, full of passengers and cargo. "Bon voyage!" Capt. Spurr. First young man—Well, did you make the acquaintance of that strange girl you were raving over? Second ditto—"Yes, followed her home." First young man—"How did she strike you?" Second ditto—"She didn't strike me at all; she got her big brother to do it."

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC. The doctrine to the durability of the Republic in France is producing serious effects not only in France, but in Europe, that it is well worth while to inquire once more whether any solid ground can be discerned for fear. In France itself the alarm, whether well founded or the reverse, is undeniably real. The attacked of all classes state that they almost despair. They believe that nothing but the efforts of the few influential statesmen left present the Chamber, men entering on a course of legislation which would dissolve all institutions, and allow the anarchical elements of society to come openly to the top. They say that Socialism is gaining ground in the cities, and that every fresh Ministry displays a stronger tendency to loquacious with it. The moneyed men, with much more reason, are deploring the condition of the finances, which, they say, the Chamber will not allow to be put straight, are realising their wealth in forms which will admit of removal, and are restricting alike business and purchases, till the distress among the workmen grows politically dangerous. Outside France the belief grows so strong, that a coming Revolution is made the foundation for grave international arrangements. An agreement for mutual defence has been made between Germany, Austria, and Italy, and alike in Berlin and Rome the statesmen confess that their motive is fear lest a Monarchy should be set up in France, and should seek to strengthen itself by foreign war. Prince Bismarck makes it his first object to be well informed as to French affairs, and is usually, though not always, well served, and he makes no secret of his opinion that the republican Revolution is very near at hand. The Italian Government watches France with the eagerness of fear, and declares publicly that Italy is not safe from the hostility of French clerics without a close alliance with Germany. Finally, the French priesthood, who mingle in all societies and have the secret minds of all classes, evidently believe that whatever may come the Republic is about to pass away. These authorities may all be mistaken. Prince Bismarck despises Republics too much to judge them; the Italians are too angry with events in North Africa to be reasonable; and the French priesthood has repeatedly shown as a body that it cannot thoroughly understand either the objects or the prejudices of the laity. Nevertheless, as all these acute observers are acting on their belief, it deserves attention, the more so because they all expect the new movement not from the people, but from the Army. They all believe that the generals will, on any occasion giving them a fair chance, declare the Republic impotent and place some king, probably the Comte de Paris, on the throne. It is probable that the discontent of the generals is real, and possible that they have some half-expressed opinion among themselves. The pacific tendency of the Republic does not please them; they are hurt by the unfolding of France, and they do not like to see civil government completely in the ascendant. They are not attacked, they are conscious that they are objects of suspicion and dis-

like, and they resent the loss of the country, the want of "just and vigorous laws" also "trial by jury." After tending an apology to this gentleman for having quoted the preceding sentence, I beg to inquire which of the various Codes, or their articles, are those that are not in strict accordance with his sensitive conception of legislation? And, why announce a want, or publicly suggest them as unjust, before universal observation? It is apparently evident that the writer of the speech has neither read nor studied the subject which he typographically discusses, otherwise he should have infallibly perceived that, along with our laws being strictly just, they are principally based and selected from those of nearly all other civilized countries. Ask for impartiality, activity, or equality from the administrators of justice, but do not seek, wily Vivat Regina, to soil utterly the laws of a country—laws that offer the same privileges to the stranger as to their devisors, and a country that affords a happy home to the exile.

It is true, no doubt that crime very often does not receive its merited punishment from the hands of our public functionaries; but, on the other hand, by taking all things into consideration, we cannot refuse to admit that the Argentine Republic is more free from crime than other surrounding Republics that can boast to a greater extent of their criminal legislation. There is scarcely a particle of this literary trash—kindly pardon the word, Mr. Editor—that is not to be condemned; but not wishing to occupy a considerable degree of your valuable space in the present controversy, I will try to be brief and elucidate for your readers another erroneous suggestion stated by your correspondent. The paragraph I allude to, along with being somewhat tuncless, is rather extensive; and I will confine myself to extracting its substance, viz.: "That persons who are committed to prison for being guilty of murder, their properties are confiscated by Government." That is ignominiously absurd. Confiscation of property is overwhelmingly abolished from the penal laws; and I seriously recommend to "Vivat Regina" a careful perusal of Art. 17 of the "Constitution de la Nación Argentina," or to any of the *Standard* readers who might have placed confidence in his veracity.

I suppose, Sir, you have heard that agriculture is making rapid progress in this country. Several enterprising gentlemen have rented large tracts of land solely for cultivation. One company has 80 ploughs ready for work, but cannot find sufficient hands to attend them. Four hundred dollars per month is freely offered to any labourer that can drive a pair of horses or a team of bullocks. The whole extent of land destined for colonization is stated to reach an area of 2,000 squares. Of course, in another year it will be far more. Land has risen considerably in value; sheep runs that were rented at from eight to ten thousand dollars a year, can now be obtained for not more than twelve to fifteen thousand per annum. Camps are simply splendid; pasturage, consisting of trefoil and grass, is abundant almost throughout the whole territory. Recently there has been about 7,000 arr. of good wool sold at \$70 and 704. Another lot about 2,000 was regularly sold at \$85 per cwt. Sheepskins, "de estate" fetch \$150 to 170 per doz., "at market" there has been \$52 offered for half sheep "comando" numbers, but no sales reported; we hope to see prices run as high as \$55 to 60, in a month or two. Fat bullocks, 24 and 3 years old, have been sold at \$450 per head. No sales of cattle, horses, or sheep "at carte" announced. Maize is being sold from \$40 to 70 per fanega.

Rain is falling almost incessantly since the month of April last, but in consequence of no heavy cold being experienced, nobody has sustained losses, and stock are in prime condition. Apologizing for taking up so much space in your valuable paper, I beg to remain, Yours very truly, A. K.

why also quits her bed, at the bottom of the sea, without notice, and to the loss of the fisherman and the vexation of the gourmet. In the year 1860, one million oysters were taken off the British coast, and the catch went on increasing from the minimum number stated, though not with a regular upward tendency—for the scale of the fisherman's gains went up and down like the mercury in a barometer—until the highest figure was reached with seventy-five millions, since which the number has been down again to the point of departure. Who or what is to blame for this variability? Must we condemn the feebleness of the mollusc or the folly of Parliament? Some say that over-dredging is the source of the scarcity; others that it arises from lack of an enforced close time; and others again suggest a reason in the artificiality of the oyster itself, which professes the useless obscurity of the ocean depths to a brief but admired appearance in a public, flanked by slices of lemon, and in immediate contiguity with cognac. Professor Huxley does not deny the evils of over-dredging, although he will not attribute the more than occasional scarcity entirely to that cause—but he laughs at the idea of a close time with the right of unlimited fishing at other periods of the year. To him it appears ridiculous to protect the oyster fisheries during May, June, July, and August, and allow the fishermen to exhaust the supply for the remaining eight months of the year—those months whose names contain the letter "r," which used to mark the old oyster season. At the same time he proves to demonstration, by citing what has taken place on the French coast, where the fisheries are almost veritably protected by the State, that on the oyster, and on the oyster alone, rests the chief responsibility of blame. The gourmet is debarred from indulging in his Dand-like appetite, because it is the habit of the oyster to be "here to-day and gone to-morrow."

In common justice it should be recognized that the oyster cannot stand extremes of weather, and perishes by millions when it is too hot and when it is too cold. The sea must be of the required degree of salinity, or the bivalve cannot exist. Moreover, the oyster has family troubles. Of its two million young ones scarcely more than a couple survive of maturity to lay another generation of discretion. The prevalent notion that the best of oysters enjoy the enviable home comforts of the lout-at-eat appears to be an error. With an organization as complicated as that of the finest repeater watch, and with an appetite that would do credit to a stove, it is forced to depend on chance for the habitual eating of oysters, but the habitual eating of oysters by all save the very rich would even now—superstition apart—lead their devours in the direction of the workhouse.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Our infallible barometer was right. The "pioggia" has ceased at last. Yesterday was a glorious day, and that well-known firm of River Plate scavengers, Messrs. Sun, Wind and Co. began the work of drying up. The fun of the thing was that, while we had such a fine day in town, it rained heavily in the morning as near as San Vicente, and at other places in the camp. Our barometer and our rheumatic subscribers agree in saying that more rain is not far off. Thence from Europe by the Poiton, to 3rd inst., smells of a villainous saltpetre. All this talk about alliances and new maps for Europe, and compensations, etc., etc., is an exact repetition of what occurred on the day of all recent great wars in Europe, and Italy's order to a French factory for 150,000 rifles, to be used against her blood relations, France herself, is thoroughly characteristic of this ultra commercial age. The St. Bismarck factory would not be enough to refuse the order. The Czar's marked attention to the wife of the French Ambassador at the coronation fete is put down by our French friends as a certain sign of an alliance, and the Italian papers affirm that it is already "un hecho." It ought to be, for the half production of hell. Rome, otherwise the Trepanites may "pish them off" in detail, although the job will be a difficult one with Holy Russia. Bullrich's auction of Mr. George Mackenzie's splendid consignment of books from London to-day will attract a crowd. The collection is a choice and valuable one, and book-hunting is a most agreeable way of passing a holiday for any man who has come to the use of reason. Some never do reach that state of life, no matter how long they may live.

The Southern Railway men recovered their spirits yesterday in view of probable fine weather for their sports to-day. We thank them for sending us programmes, and hope they will have lots of fun. They may expect thousands of spectators. The fortune left by the late Don Carlos Casares is estimated at fifteen millions of paper dollars, in land and blood stock, on which the claims amount to 7½ millions. No man in the country has done more to improve the breeds of sheep, swine, and horses in this country than the deceased gentleman. Mr. Peter Puchi has taken out a patent for a new way to take the wool off old rams (dead) and he says it will enable the wool to be sold at the square price as old wool. The wife of a school-master in Calle Corrientes took herself into an "alcite" yesterday morning, but was rescued before life was extinct. The papers say that family jars were the cause of the rash act. Governor Jaramillo of Rioja was sworn in on Wednesday. Long may he reign. Our witty evening colleague *El Diario* makes pitiless fun of the political method at the Teatro Nacional on Wednesday evening. We refer to the event in our leading columns. The immense preponderance of ladies present was the subject of general remark.

The latest advices from Guanini report that plans to be going ahead as fast as the fastest express-trains—say the Wild Irishman, or the Flying Scotchman when they are half an hour behind time. Nothing could be faster short of electricity. A new theatrical paper to be called *From Paris*, is announced. It will be printed in Spanish, English, Italian and French. What about High Dutch and Russian. There are lots of Hollanders and Slavs in Buenos Aires. The programme of the Concert to be given by that highly philanthropic club the Germania, to-morrow night, is really most attractive, and suitable for all tastes. The proceeds will go to the starving people in Rioja and Catamarca, so a changed audience is certain to assemble. After the concert the "light fantastic toe" will be at work to-morrow light doth appear on Sunday morning. We have to thank our kind correspondent at San Pedro, A. K., for his interesting letter in another column, about land and live-stock in that quarter, which seems to be flourishing greatly, season a regular and plentiful catch cannot be depended on. From some apparently unaccountable cause, spots which one year, or even throughout a decade, swarm with fish, are presently bare, or it may be that their places are taken by countless cockles. The increased and over-increasing means of carriage from one part of the kingdom to another, and from this country abroad, has caused the demand to be far in excess of the supply of lake oysters, and while the scarcity continues and price rules the market, oysters will remain an expensive luxury. It may be that there is a good time in store for the Dandos of the future, and that the plumpest Whitehall natives may yet gratify the palates of our children and our children's children, as of old, at sixpence a dozen. If so, we unhesitatingly congratulate posterity on that account. "It is," says Hone, in his "Year Book," a vulgar superstition that whoever eats oysters on St. James's Day will never want money. The indifference to industry which such notions engender in many minds can be testified by some of themselves who falsify the frivolous legend by their present abodes in workhouses. Times have in many respects changed since the year 1826, when Mr. Hone published his valuable observations; but the habitual eating of oysters by all save the very rich would even now—superstition apart—lead their devours in the direction of the workhouse.—*Daily Telegraph*.

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A close-up photograph showing the jagged, torn edge of a piece of aged, yellowed paper. The paper has a textured, fibrous appearance and is set against a dark, possibly black, background. The lighting highlights the uneven surface and the frayed edges of the paper.